MARVEL COMICS

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®

OCT
#380

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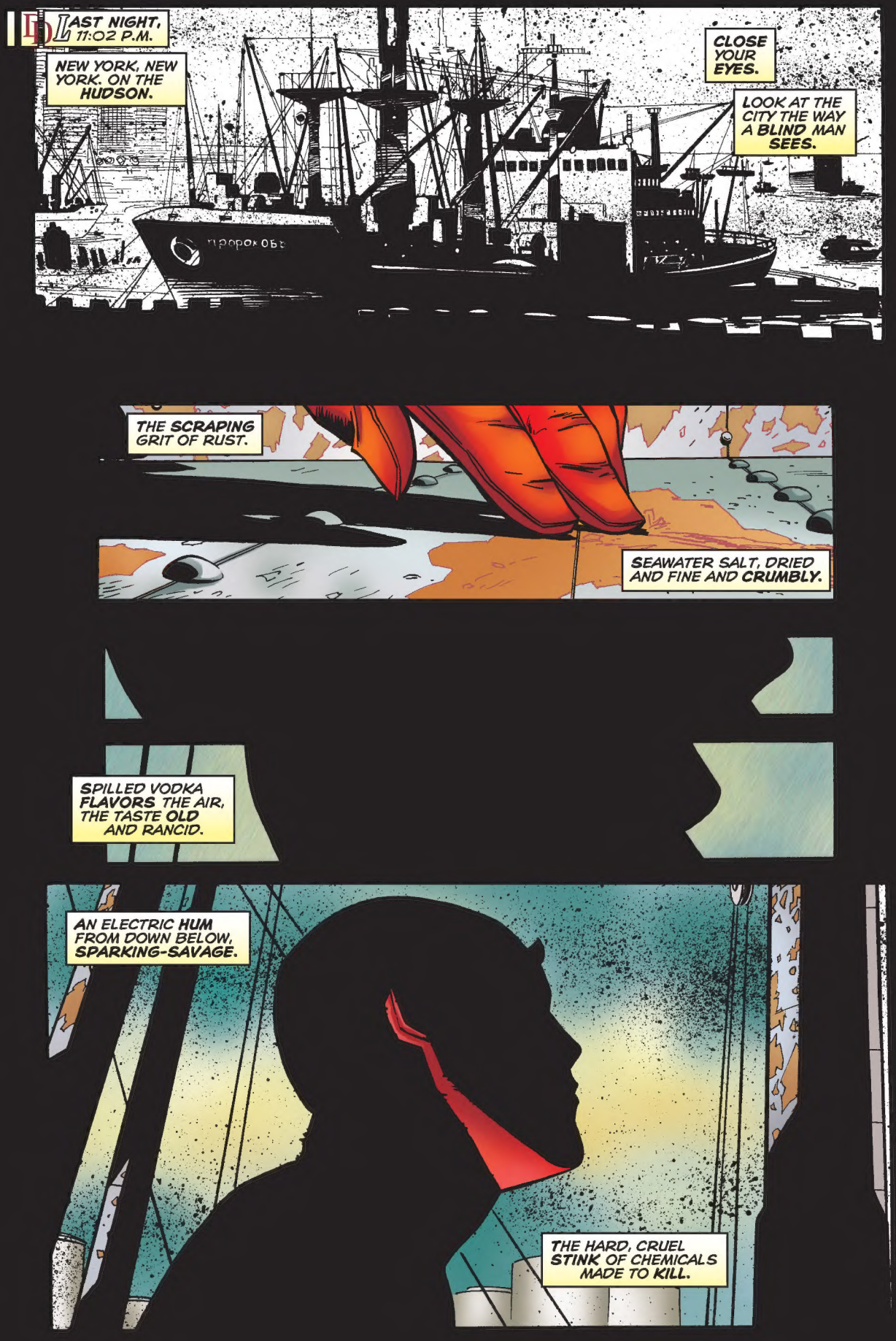
CHICHESTER
WEEKS
CAMPANELLA

THIS ISSUE:

BLOOD!

LW '98


LAST NIGHT, 11:02 P.M.
NEW YORK, NEW YORK. ON THE HUDSON.
CLOSE YOUR EYES.
LOOK AT THE CITY THE WAY A BLIND MAN SEES.
THE SCRAPING GRIT OF RUST.
SEAWATER SALT, DRIED AND FINE AND CRUMBLY.
SPILLED VODKA FLAVORS THE AIR, THE TASTE OLD AND RANCID.
AN ELECTRIC HUM FROM DOWN BELOW, SPARKING-SAVAGE.
THE HARD, CRUEL STINK OF CHEMICALS MADE TO KILL.

THERE'S SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE IN THIS TOWN.
SKRIIT
SKREEET
PICTURE-PERFECT, PICTURE WINDOW VIEWS ON THE WORLD.
EXOTIC PETS.
SKREEE
SKREEE
SPORT HUNTING.
COMPOUND FRACTURES.
FWRAAK

SMUGGLED TOOLS OF DESTRUCTION.
TWOOM
DANGER
MULTIPLE EXIT WOUNDS.
TWOOM
A FUSE THAT'S ALWAYS LIT.
FWRISSSH
TWKOOM
THERE'S LOTS TO BE SCARED OF IN THE BIG CITY.

BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

AS MATT MURDOCK RECOVERS FROM HIS ADVENTURE IN PARIS, STAN LEE PRESENTS A TALE FROM DAREDEVIL'S PAST.

JUST ONE GOOD STORY

BY D.G. CHICHESTER AND LEE WEEKS

ROBERT CAMPANELLA INKS

SCHEELE AND LAUGHLIN AND BERNARDO COLORS

RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT'S LIZ LETTERS

TIM TUOHY EDITOR BOB HARRAS EDITOR IN CHIEF

DEDICATED TO ARCHIE GOODWIN FOR BEING EVER GENEROUS IN SHARING MORE THAN A FEW GOOD STORIES OF HIS OWN.

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DAREDEVIL #376-379. -- Tim

TODAY. AVENUE "C", MANHATTAN.
YOU HEAR THEM TALKIN', MARTY? YOU HEAR? LIKE THEY KNOW JACK!
THAT BLOW-UP YOU MEAN? YEAH, I HEARD.
THEY'RE SAYIN' HORNHEAD'S INTO IT.
COULD BE. MAYBE. PROBABLY. POINT IS, FINGERS, THEY BLIND TO THE BIG PICTURE.
BIG SURPRISE.
TRUTH. YOU MISS THE DETAILS LOOKIN' DOWN ON THE CITY FROM UP TOP.
THEY DON'T SEE US. BUT WHAT A VIEW WE GET FROM DOWN HERE!
THE DAILY BUGLE
Middle East Dictator Provokes U.S. War Ma
By Ben Urich
Oh, YOU GOTTA TRY THIS BRIE!
I GOT IT OUT OF THE DUMPSTER IN FRONT O' THAT FRENCHIE JOINT ON 28th...
THREE WEEKS AGO, THE UPPER WEST SIDE.
WE SELL DEATH.
I DOUBT YOU'RE SURPRISED TO HEAR THAT. MAYBE IT'S SURPRISING TO HEAR IT STATED WITH SUCH HONESTY.
BUT MY EMPLOYERS ARE OF THE MIND THAT A MAN IN YOUR POSITION CAN RELATE TO THEIR BUSINESS.

THE FACT IS, THEY TAKE PRIDE IN THEIR TRADE. PULLING THE STRINGS OF POWER. BUILDING THE WEAPONS OF WAR.
THIS TENSION IN THE MIDDLE EAST PRESENTS A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY FOR PROFIT.
BUT THE START BUTTON ON THE WAR MACHINE HAS A TENDENCY TO STICK. IT REQUIRES OIL. A CATALYST.
OR SIMPLY A SCAPEGOAT.
the Daily Bu
Provokes U.S. War Machine
I DON'T KNOW WHY ANY OF THIS SHOULD INTEREST ME, MISS PORTAL.
I'M ONLY A SPICE MERCHANT.
AND A HUMBLE ONE, AT THAT.
EXACTLY WHY WE'VE COME TO YOU, Mr. FISK.
WE NEED SOMEONE TO...SPICE THINGS UP!
WE'RE PREPARED TO PAY HANDSOMELY.
A KINGPIN'S RANSOM, YOU MIGHT SAY.

DO I APPEAR BELOW THE POVERTY LINE TO YOU, MISS PORTAL?
N-NO, Mr. FISK! OF COURSE -- OF COURSE NOT! I-I WAS MERELY TRYING TO EXPRESS OUR GENEROSITY.
WHY DON'T WE CONTINUE THE EVENING'S SPIRIT OF HONESTY?
I HAVE NO NEED OF YOUR GENEROSITY.
INDEED, IT IS YOU THAT DEPENDS ON MY GENEROUS NATURE.
C-CERTAINLY! IF I OFFENDED --
YOU'D ALREADY BE DEAD.
THE PUPPETEERS YOU WORK FOR LIKE TO PLAY AT "POWER BROKER"? LET'S SEE HOW FAR THEY STRETCH THEIR STRING.
A SHIP SET TO SEA THREE DAYS AGO, REGISTERED IN St. PETERSBURG, CREWED BY MEMBERS OF THE SO-CALLED RUSSIAN MAFIA.
I...KNOW THAT SHIP -- THE PROPHECY. ITS CARGO COMES FROM EACH OF THE SOVIET STATES.
LETHAL PRODUCE.
THE KIND OF WEAPONS THE LEADERS OF THE PEOPLE'S REVOLUTION SIGNED TREATIES PROMISING THEY'D NEVER BUILD.
Mr. FISK, I'M NOT AUTHORIZED TO MAKE THAT KIND OF OFFER --
DON'T PRESUME IT'S A REQUEST, MISS PORTAL.
AND DON'T DARE DISAPPOINT ME.
THANK YOU FOR DINNER. IN TRUTH, THE MEAL WAS A BIT BLAND...
...BUT I'M SO PLEASED I COULD ADD SOME SPICE!

FEDERAL COURTHOUSE, MANHATTAN.

"TERRORISM!"

THE PROSECUTOR SPITS THE WORD.

"THIS ISN'T A CONCEPT ANY-MORE, PEOPLE, NOT SOME FAR-AWAY HEADLINE.

"HE'S MADE IT PAINFULLY **REAL** FOR US. 27 BODIES REAL. THIS **'MAN'** -- MORE LIKE THIS **ANIMAL!**

"PARLAN FARHOODY HAS **NO RESPECT** FOR OUR WAY OF LIFE -- AND NO REGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE.

"HE'S A **KILLER.** MURDERING IN THE NAME OF **ABNORMAL,** SAVAGE BELIEFS...AND HE'D GLADLY DO IT AGAIN!

"LOOK AT HIM -- EVEN NOW, HE CAN BARELY HOLD IN HIS **RAGE!"**

"STAY CALM."

THE VOICE **ISN'T SOOTHING.**

IT'S STERN-WRY-STORMY. A **RECKLESS** SAY-YOUR-PRAYERS SIGN-YOUR-WILL-BEFORE-CROSSING-IT KIND OF VOICE.

THE ATTORNEY WITH THE VOCAL ATTITUDE IS **MATTHEW MURDOCK.**

KNOWN IN LEGAL CIRCLES TO BE SOMETHING OF A **DAREDEVIL.**

"YOU'LL GET **YOUR DAY IN COURT.** I SWEAR..."

BAY BRIDGE.
WORD IS, IT'S DAREDEVIL DONE THAT HARBOR JOB...
WHOSE WORD, CARMINE?
SMASH-NOSE JOEY. PETE LONDON'S CREW.
FUGEDDABOUDIT, I'S SAY!
YEAH, BUT IF IT'S FOR REAL, RED'S GOT A FUTURE IN DEMOLITION WORK!
YOU THINK HE HIRES OUT?
WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS MOOK?
AFTER ALL OUR HARD WORK!
POW
POW
"GOOD GUYS" BLOWIN' THINGS UP, DEAD GUYS NOT STAYIN' DOWN...YOU CAN'T TRUST NOTHIN' FOR NOTHIN' NO MORE!
PERSONALLY, I FIND IT VERY DISTRESSING.
SO...YOU AND BABS DEGROGOTTI, Huh?
FWRAAK

THREE WEEKS AGO.
SILVERTONGUE'S GENTLEMEN'S CLUB, MANHATTAN.
WHAT'S THIS JOB COMIN' UP?
I DON'T KNOW. SOME PROBLEM PETE LONDON WANTS BURIED...
Private
I'M SO PLEASED YOU'VE ACCEPTED MY INVITATION --
-- TO SAMPLE A TASTE OF MY CITY'S... ENTICEMENTS!
ANYONE KNOW WHEN BABS GOES ON?
YOUR REPUTATIONS SPEAK OF A UNIQUE COLLECTION OF GIFTS.
ANARCHY... EXTORTION... MURDER!
SUCH TALENTS DESERVE TO BE REWARDED!

JUST GIVE ME THE BOTTLE!
BE MY GUEST, BULLSEYE!
YOU ARE ALL MY GUESTS... FOR WHAT YOU CAN EACH CONTRIBUTE TO THE ENTERPRISE BEFORE US!
OUR DELEGATE FROM THE HAND BRINGS WITH HIM THE LETHAL SKILLS OF HIS NINJA SECT!
BUSHWHACKER LENDS HIS BIONIC FIREPOWER!
BULLSEYE, OF COURSE, ADDS HIS LEGENDARY -- AND HOMICIDAL -- MARKSMANSHIP!
YOU ARE ACCOMPLISHED PREDATORS! I APPLAUD YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS!
AND I OFFER A PARTNERSHIP!
TOGETHER, WE SHALL DESTROY THE LIFE OF AN INNOCENT MAN.
WE WILL INJECT AN UNHEALTHY DOSE OF DREAD AND RAGE INTO THE NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS.
AND WE WILL SHARE IN A PROFIT OF STAGGERING POTENTIAL!
TALENTS SUCH AS OURS DESERVE TO BE REWARDED...

TODAY. PELL STREET, CHINATOWN.

YOU WANT TO BUY, OLD MAN? ORANGES IS GOOD LUCK -- YOU SHOULD BUY!

NO... NO! I NO WANT THIS FRUIT -- IS ROTTED! GO AWAY!

TODAY. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE, MANHATTAN.

TENSION IN THE COURTROOM'S ALREADY RUNNING HIGH.

MATT MURDOCK'S LEGAL STRATEGY IS TO TURN THE HEAT UP EVEN MORE.

"LET'S LOOK AT PARLAN FARHOODY," MURDOCK SUGGESTS, HARSH AND ON THE ATTACK. "NOT THAT WE WANT TO!"

NOW THE VOICE IS SLY, THE TONE CONSPIRING.

"HIS FACE -- STRANGE... ALIEN!

"HE PRAYS TO A GOD MOST OF US NEITHER KNOW OR CARE ABOUT!

"HE EATS THINGS WE THINK AREN'T FIT FOR A DOG...

"...DESERT FLAVORS THAT SWEAT THROUGH HIS SKIN.

"ALL THESE THINGS... THESE ARE WHAT WE SEE WHEN WE LOOK AT PARLAN FARHOODY.

"THEY'RE FOR CERTAIN WHAT THE PROSECUTOR WANTS YOU TO SEE.

"AND NONE OF THEM MUST MATTER.

"BECAUSE JUSTICE IS BLIND."

CHINATOWN.
JUST LIKE I SAY -- ROTTEN! NO ONE WANT -- I NO BUY! TAKE AWAY!
HOI MOON DAI KAT, OLD MAN! ORANGES IS TRADITION -- GOOD LUCK!
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE SOI JAW -- HIT BY MISFORTUNE!
MAYBE IF THAT SHIP HAD SOME OF THESE ON BOARD, IT WOULDN'T HAVE BLOWN!
WHAT -- WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?
ENOUGH.
Mmm... DELICIOUS!
SQLISSH
THREE WEEKS AGO.
MOSCO STREET.
SO I TELL HIM, "IT'S A HOLIDAY -- YOU CAN'T SAY NO! PAY US OUR HUNG BAO!"
AND THIS GUY, HE'S SHAKING HIS HEAD AND SAY TO ME, "IT'S THANKSGIVING -- GUEY LOW FAAN HOLIDAY! NOT ONE OF OURS!"

I HAD TO ADMIRE THOSE STONES, EVEN WHILE I WAS CUTTING HIM...
PARLAN... COME TO BED!
I'M RIGHT THERE, DARLING!
THWK
I THOUGHT I HEARD...
KLIK
...NEVER MIND...IT'S NOTHING!
YOU NEED YOUR REST, PARLAN...
SNIT
SNWIT

...THE INTERVIEW'S EARLY TOMORROW!
I KNOW...BUT I JUST CAN'T SLEEP IF I DON'T --
IT WON'T UNLOCK ON ITS OWN?
HA-HA. IT'S EASY FOR YOU TO LAUGH!
ME, I'VE HAD THIS FEELING ALL DAY LIKE SOMETHING TERRIBLE WAS GOING TO HAPPEN!
PRETTY SILLY, Huh?
SO HE SAYS, "YOU KNOW, 'CHAOS' IN CHINESE IS MADE UP OF TWO CHARACTERS..."
AND I'M LIKE, "JUST PAY ME THE LUCKY MONEY!" BUT HE DON'T SHUT UP, AND HE'S SAYIN', "THE ONE IS DANGER...
"...AND THE OTHER IS OPPORTUNITY!"
SO I TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO BREAK HIS FACE...

TODAY.

GROUP 41, FEDERAL ANTI-TERRORIST TASK FORCE H.Q.

BOMB SQUAD GET BACK FROM THE RIVER YET?

THEY'RE HAVING TOO GOOD A TIME SEARCHING THE WRECKAGE! IT'S AN ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BUFFET FOR FUSE-HEADS OVER THERE!

FEDERAL COURTHOUSE.

"MY ASSOCIATE, Mr. NELSON, IS SHOWING YOU A CHART --"

SOTTO VOCE. "EVERYTHING OKAY, FOGGY?"

A WHISPER BACK. "I FORGOT THE SCREWS AT LUNCH BUT -- YOU DON'T EVEN NOTICE THE WOBBLE, MATT! NOT TO WORRY..."

AGAIN TO THE JURY. "A CHART THAT PROVES THE FIBERS FOUND AT THE CRIME SCENE DID NOT ARRIVE THERE BY CHANCE.

"YOU HEARD TESTIMONY FROM DR. TRICIA SOLARO, THE FORENSIC EXPERT WITH THE FEDERAL ANTI-TERRORIST TASK FORCE...?"

"...Dr. SOLARO, HOW CAN THE PROSECUTION POSSIBLY CLAIM THIS SO-CALLED 'EVIDENCE' CAME FROM MY CLIENT'S APARTMENT?

"BECAUSE THEY'VE MADE A CARELESS MISTAKE!

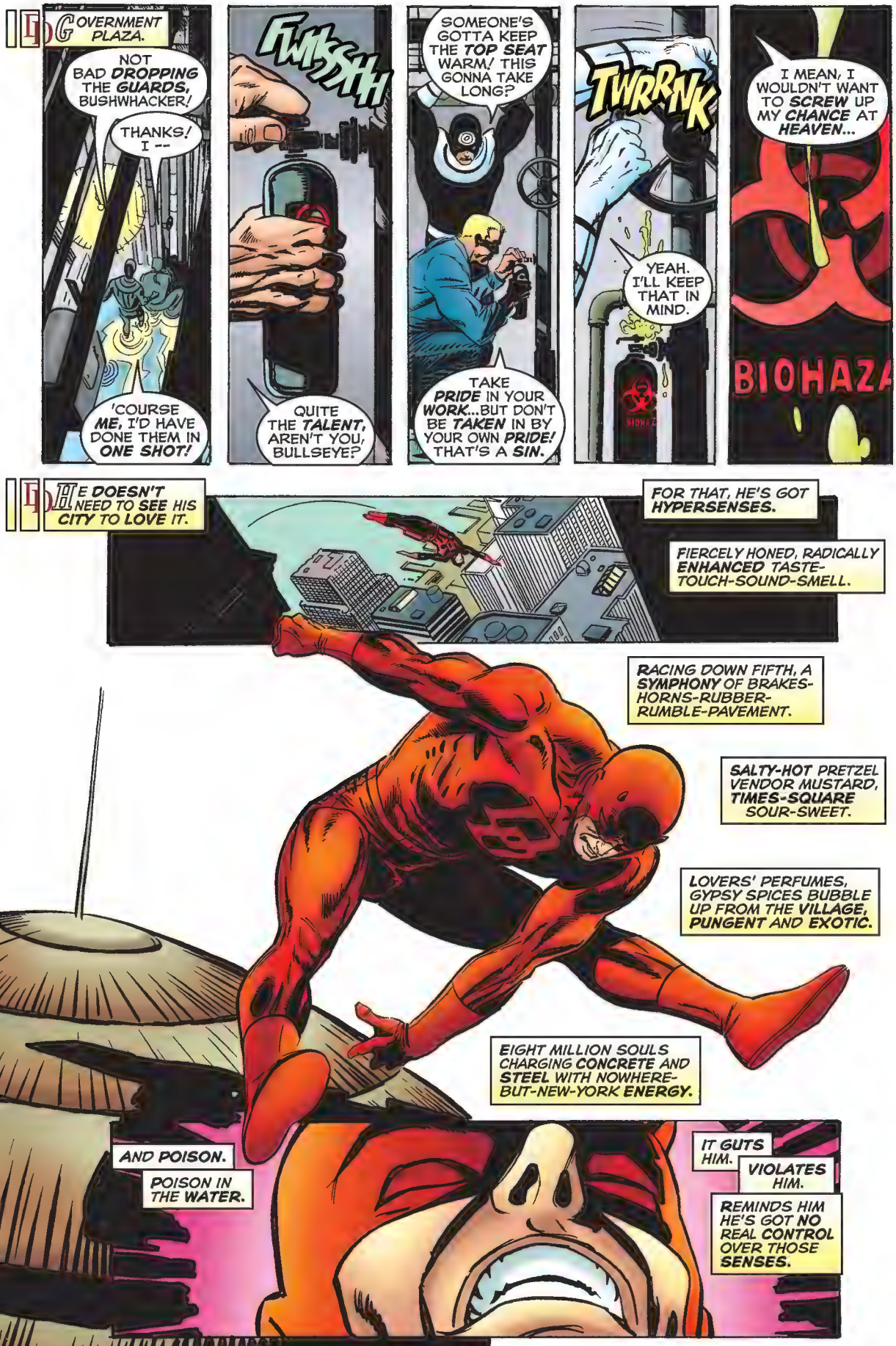
"THE FIBER ENDS WEREN'T BROKEN NATURALLY, Mr. MURDOCK -- THEY WERE CUT! THIS MATERIAL WAS REMOVED FROM MR. FARHOODY'S RESIDENCE DELIBERATELY."

"THANK YOU, DOCTOR. SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THE PROSECUTOR'S CASE JUST CAN'T CUT IT!"

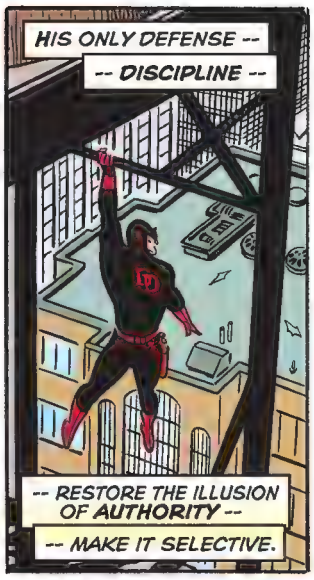
"YOUR HONOR -- OBJECTION!"

"WITHDRAWN..."

GROUP 41.
YOU TAKIN' ODDS, DRAGON LADY?
ON THE SOX?
ATF MOST WANTED
ATF
THAT'D BE A SUCKER BET, CHIEF/ WHERE ARE YOU PUTTING MONEY ON THE EXPLOSION?
CULT? KLAN?
MOB? RELIGIOUS RIGHT?
JERRY SPRINGER FANS?
WELL, BOYS, I'LL TELL YOU --
-- I'VE WORKED UP PART OF A THEORY ON THAT...
THREE WEEKS AGO. THE WEST SIDE.
WE WERE, Um, WONDERING, Mr. FISK. WHEN DO YOU THINK WE MIGHT EXPECT...
...AN INCIDENT?
FISK SPICES
WAREHOUSE
LOADING
YOUR EMPLOYERS ARE ANXIOUS MEN, MISS PORTAL. THEY MUST LEARN TO ENJOY THE DAY... TO SAVOR THE MOMENT!
LOOK THERE.
ISN'T THE WATER BEAUTIFUL?


GOVERNMENT PLAZA.
NOT BAD DROPPING THE GUARDS, BUSHWHACKER!
THANKS! I --
'COURSE ME, I'D HAVE DONE THEM IN ONE SHOT!
FWIPSHH
QUITE THE TALENT, AREN'T YOU, BULLSEYE?
SOMEONE'S GOTTA KEEP THE TOP SEAT WARM. THIS GONNA TAKE LONG?
TAKE PRIDE IN YOUR WORK...BUT DON'T BE TAKEN IN BY YOUR OWN PRIDE! THAT'S A SIN.
TWRRNK
YEAH. I'LL KEEP THAT IN MIND.
I MEAN, I WOULDN'T WANT TO SCREW UP MY CHANCE AT HEAVEN...
BIOHAZA
HE DOESN'T NEED TO SEE HIS CITY TO LOVE IT.
FOR THAT, HE'S GOT HYPERSENSES.
FIERCELY HONED, RADICALLY ENHANCED TASTE-TOUCH-SOUND-SMELL.
RACING DOWN FIFTH, A SYMPHONY OF BRAKES-HORNS-RUBBER-RUMBLE-PAVEMENT.
SALTY-HOT PRETZEL VENDOR MUSTARD, TIMES-SQUARE SOUR-SWEET.
LOVERS' PERFUMES, GYPSY SPICES BUBBLE UP FROM THE VILLAGE, PUNGENT AND EXOTIC.
EIGHT MILLION SOULS CHARGING CONCRETE AND STEEL WITH NOWHERE-BUT-NEW-YORK ENERGY.
AND POISON.
POISON IN THE WATER.
IT GUTS HIM.
VIOLATES HIM.
REMINDS HIM HE'S GOT NO REAL CONTROL OVER THOSE SENSES.

THEY'RE EVERY-WHERE ALWAYS ON OVERWHELMING.
POISON.
THICK AND FOUL AND BLISTERING.

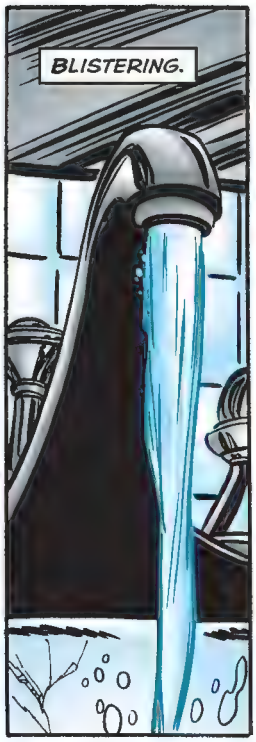

HIS ONLY DEFENSE --
-- DISCIPLINE --
-- RESTORE THE ILLUSION OF AUTHORITY --
-- MAKE IT SELECTIVE.

FOCUS.

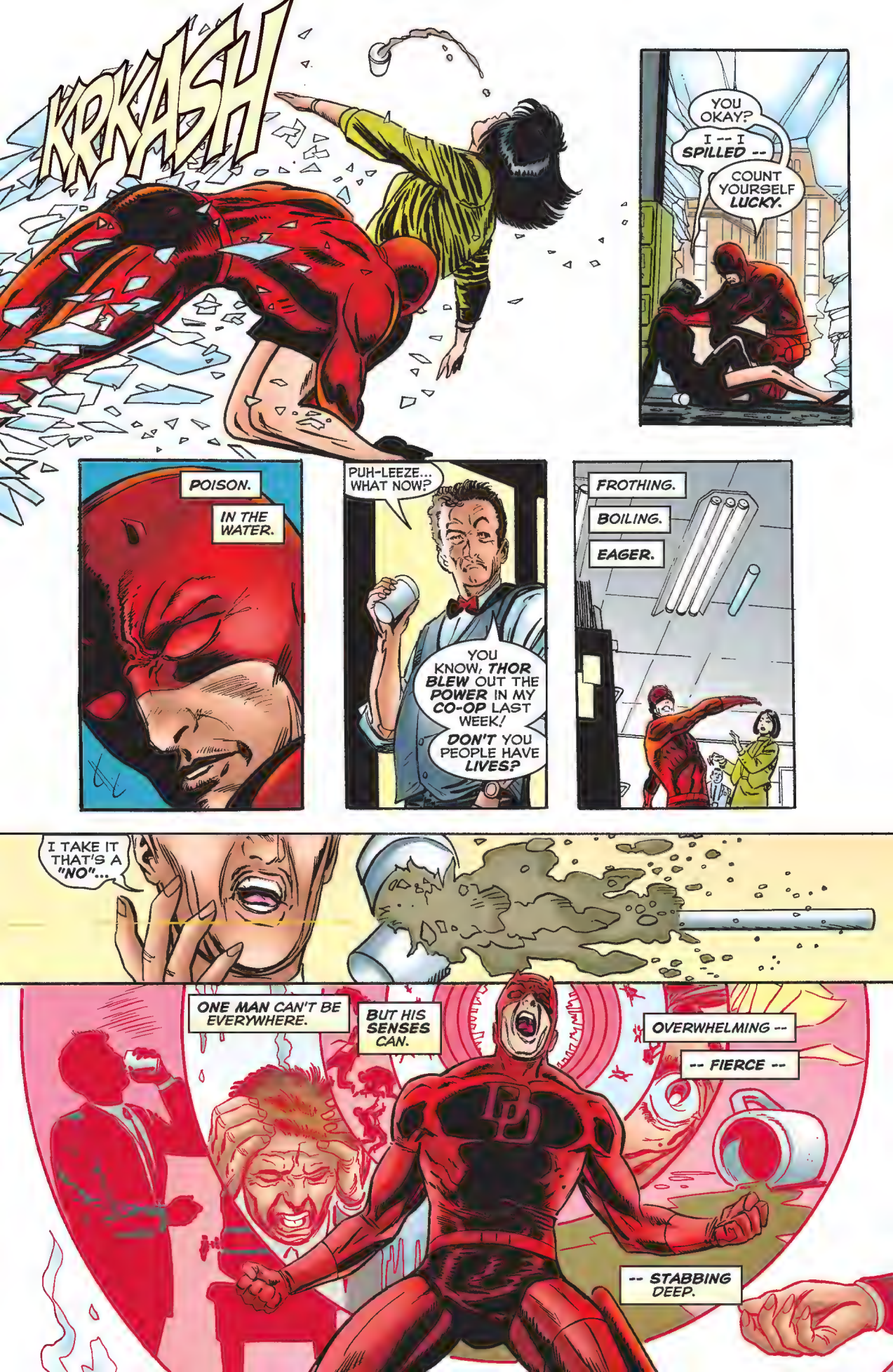
IN THE WATER.
THERE.
FROTHING IN THE PIPES. EAGER TO BOIL FREE.

THICK.

FOUL.


BLISTERING.

CAN THIS DAY GET ANY MORE BORING?


KRKASH
YOU OKAY?
I -- I SPILLED --
COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY.
POISON.
IN THE WATER.
PUH-LEEZE... WHAT NOW?
YOU KNOW, THOR BLEW OUT THE POWER IN MY CO-OP LAST WEEK!
DON'T YOU PEOPLE HAVE LIVES?
FROTHING.
BOILING.
EAGER.
I TAKE IT THAT'S A "NO"...
ONE MAN CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE.
BUT HIS SENSES CAN.
OVERWHELMING --
-- FIERCE --
-- STABBING DEEP.

HER TEMPERATURE FLARES, SCORCHES.
MUSCLES GO SOFT -- ROTTEN --
-- BREAK APART --
-- BREAK OPEN --
-- SPILLING COPPER-SCENTED BLOOD AND SLICK LIFE.
JUST AS QUICK SHE'S GONE -- TEMPERATURE DIVING --
-- CRASHING --
-- DEVASTATING AND FINAL.
AARGOOO
REPORTS CONTINUE TO STREAM IN FROM GOVERNMENT PLAZA --
-- PERHAPS AS MANY AS TWO DOZEN DEAD, WITH MORE THAN THAT NUMBER CRITICALLY --
-- LIVES SAVED BY THE QUICK INTERVENTION OF DAREDEVIL --
-- A SELFLESS UNION OF E.M.S., S.W.A.T., AND HAZMAT TEAMS HAVE CONVERGED --
SUBURBA
RESCUE SQ
POLICE
WE NEED TO TALK, RED...
I'M IN NO MOOD FOR A Q&A, MALPER... EVEN WITH A FEDERAL D.A.!
THEN AGAIN...HOW IS IT YOU'RE ON THE SCENE SO QUICK?
GROUP 41 GOT A TIP-OFF TO A TERRORIST ATTACK -- PROBABLE MIDDLE EASTERN INVOLVEMENT!
HYPERSENSES AGAIN.
EVERYWHERE.
AN ECHO OF WELL-KNOWN AND HEARTLESS HEARTBEATS.
THE BRUTAL SCENT OF OLD ADVERSARIES.
THAT INFO COULD BE WORTH JUST WHAT YOU PAID FOR IT...
GOT YOUR OWN THEORY?
MORE LIKE A VENDETTA.

TODAY.

WEST THIRD STREET. HELL'S ANGELS' LOCAL 427.

SO I'M TOOLIN' BY THE *PIERS* AND -- *BADOOM!*

133RD OFF LENOX.

-- AN' I'M THE MAN TO LET YOU KNOW WHAT *SINKS* THAT *BOAT* --

JACKSON HEIGHTS, QUEENS.

MY BOY, THE *DAREDEVIL,* HE SLIP ON *BOARD...*

FEDERAL COURTHOUSE.

"WHY DID I TAKE ON THE DEFENSE IN THIS *CASE.* SIMPLE ANSWER: BECAUSE I *KNOW* PARLAN FARHOODY TO BE *INNOCENT.*

"THAT'S NOT ENOUGH, THOUGH. THERE HAVE TO BE *FACTS.* FACTS WHICH I'VE SHARED WITH YOU TO USE AS YOU *DISCOVER* THE *TRUTH.*

"JUST REMEMBER THAT SOME *TRUTHS* ARE *MORE TRUE* THAN *OTHERS.*"

"IT'S *HUMAN NATURE* THAT WE EACH *CREATE* OUR OWN *VERSION* OF THE *TRUTH.*

"BUT YOU NEED TO *FOCUS* ON A *TRUTH* THAT, SELF-EVIDENT AS IT SHOULD BE, CAN BECOME TOO EASILY LOST.

"ALL *MEN* ARE CREATED *EQUAL,* ESPECIALLY IN THE EYES OF THE *LAW.*

"AND YOU *OWE* IT TO YOURSELVES AND OUR *SYSTEM* TO TREAT MY CLIENT WITH *EQUALITY.*

"WITH *FAIRNESS.*
"AND WITH *JUSTICE* FOR *ALL.*"

TODAY. HELLS ANGELS CLUBHOUSE.
THIS -- YOU GOTTA LOVE THIS! I'M TALKIN' THIS IS SO SWEET!
ALL THESE HARD-CASES, THEY'RE OUT ON THE WATER WITH THE REST OF THE SEWAGE...
SKIN
LAST NIGHT.
-- AND THEN THE LADY SAYS TO THE GUN DEALER, "JUST 'CAUSE YOU'RE PACKING HEAT DON'T MEAN YOU'RE HOT STUFF!"
SPEAKING OF HOT, IT WAS SUCH A SCORCHER TODAY I SAW THE HUMAN TORCH... AND HE WAS SWEATING!
DON'T SWEAT IT IF YOU DON'T HAVE A PERMIT FOR ALL THIS FIREPOWER -- I'M SURE IT'S AN HONEST MISTAKE! I KNOW YOU BUNCH WOULD NEVER DO ANYTHING ILLEGAL!
HA HA HA
HEH HEH
HA HA
SO...IS THAT A PISTOL IN YOUR POCKET, OR ARE YOU JUST GLAD TO SEE ME?
ACTUALLY... BOTH!
THAT DAREDEVIL, HE SLAYS ME...OR VICE-VERSA!
A TIGHT-FITTING COSTUME JUST GIVES A WHOLE NEW DIMENSION TO STAND-UP COMEDY, DON'T YOU THINK?
MUCH AS I HATE TO KILL AND RUN... LET'S BLOW THIS RUSTBUCKET, GENTLEMEN! LITERALLY...

TODAY. ALONG 133RD STREET.
YEAH... THIS IS WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT!
MAN, YOU BEEN *USIN'* IF YOU BELIEVE THAT *STORY* YOU TELLIN'!
LISSEN UP, I *KNOW* WHAT I'M *TALKIN'* ABOUT --

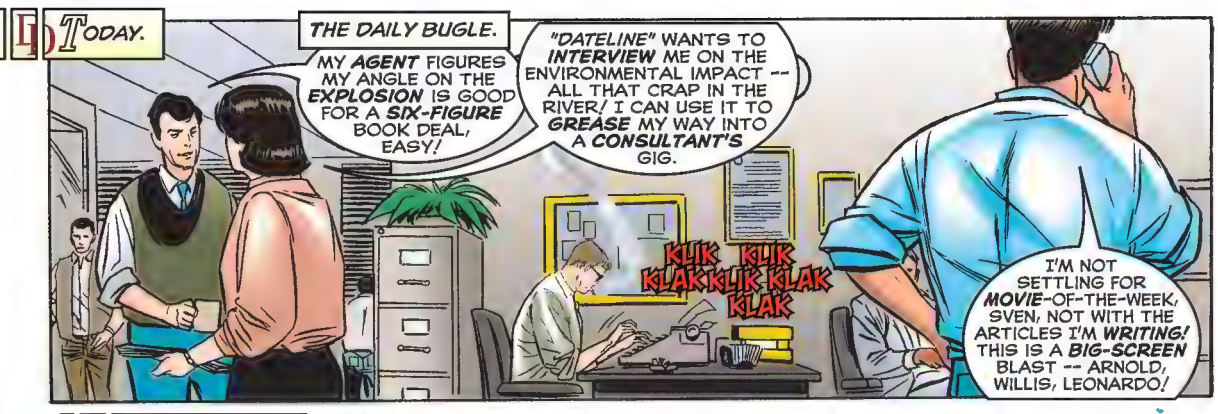
LAST NIGHT.
Oh *DANG!*
FIVE-Oh!
IT'S DAREDEVIL!

DON'T *MAKE* ME HAVE TO *KILL* YOU.
HE'S *MESSIN'* WITH OUR *HEADS*...
W-WORD.
CHILL. LET'S TALK THIS OUT LIKE --
DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO *KILL YOU.*

THIS AIN'T LIKE YOU, KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'? THIS AIN'T --
DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO KILL YOU.
CCCP
HOME BOY'S CRAZY!
WE GIVE UP WE GIVE UP WE GIVE --
YOU BUGGIN', MAN, YOU SERIOUSLY --
FWKROOOSSH

TODAY. QUEENS.
-- SO HE SAYS HE CAN MOVE AS MANY OF THESE AS WE GIVE HIM!
YO! CHECK THIS 10-CHANGER CLARION CD PLAYER!
I'M TRYIN' TO TELL YOU ALL A STORY HERE...
LAST NIGHT.
YO! CHECK THIS AT-X-15 KRIZANTEMA, LASER GUIDED WITH A NUKE!
BRATOOM
WE BEEN FOUND OUT!
BY THE DAREDEVIL!
NOT DAREDEVIL... NOT ANYMORE!
THE NAME'S DEATHDEVIL!
AND I'M HERE TO SEND YOU ALL TO HELL!

YOU IN FOR SOME SERIOUS HURT, MAN!
THAT THE BEST YOU BOYZ GOT?
'CAUSE WE AIN'T IMPRESSED!
PTAANG
KTWING
KTANG
"WE"? WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?
SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND...
YAZEEK
KRAKATOOM



FEDERAL COURTHOUSE.

*IT'S IN HER OWN HANDWRITING. BUT EVEN AS SHE **READS** IT ALOUD, THE FOREPERSON CAN'T QUITE **BELIEVE** IT.*

"WE FIND THE DEFENDANT ***NOT GUILTY!***"

"THIS COUNTRY WAS ALL ABOUT A NEW START, Mr. MURDOCK -- FOR ME...MY WIFE... THE SON AND DAUGHTER SHE'S BLESSED US WITH.

"THEN, SO QUICK -- IT ALL SEEMED TO BE ***OVER!*** IT ALL SEEMED ***AGAINST*** US.

"EXCEPT YOU. YOU ***BELIEVED*** IN YOUR ***SYSTEM.*** YOU BELIEVED IN ME.

"YOU ***GAVE*** US BACK OUR ***CHANCE,*** MATTHEW. THANK YOU FOR HAVING ***FAITH.***

"AND THANK YOU FOR ***RESTORING*** MINE."

"YOU'RE A ***PIECE*** OF ***WORK,*** MURDOCK!"

*THE PROSECUTOR **SPITS** THE WORDS.*

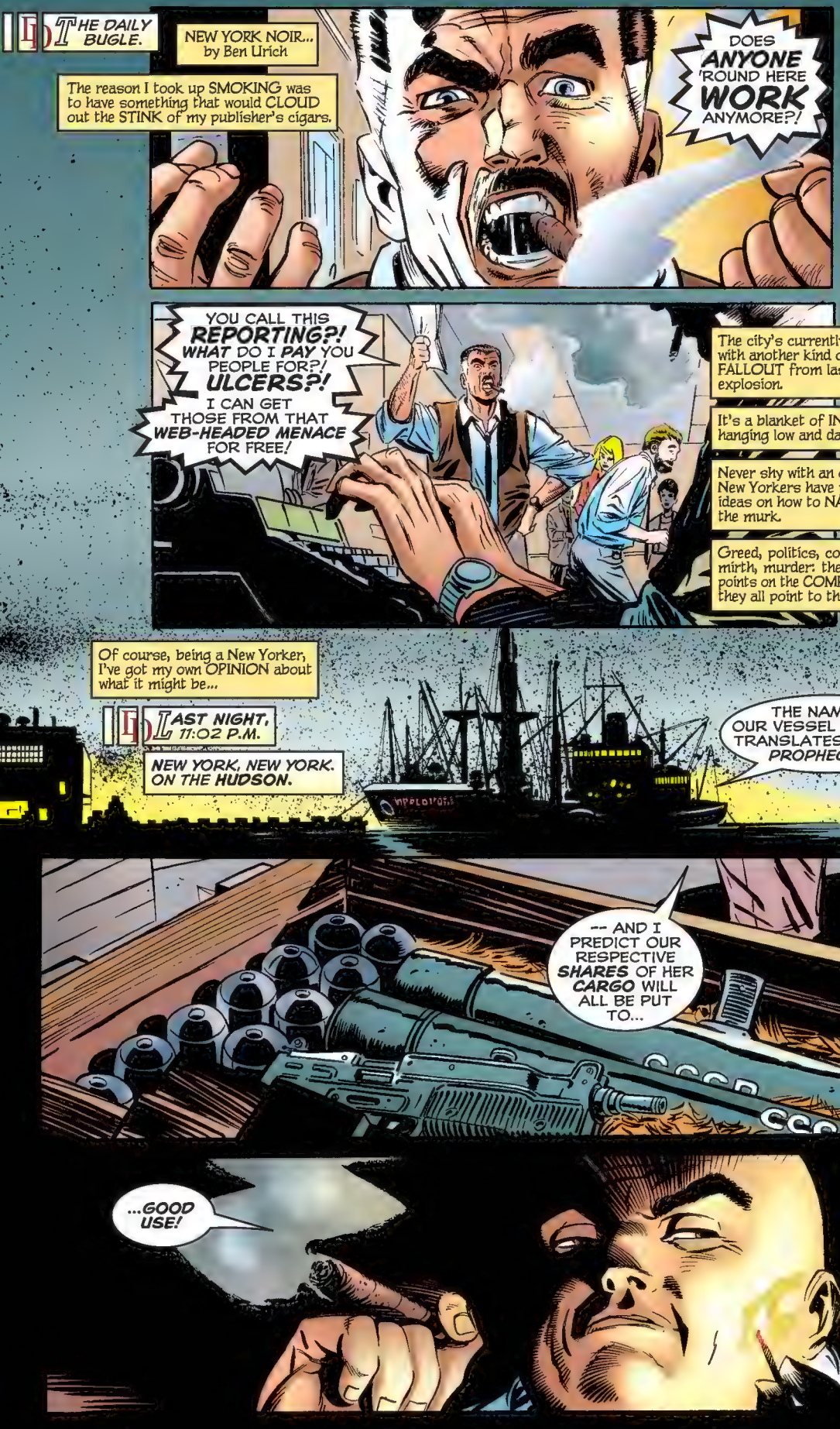
"DO YOU KNOW HOW ***HARD*** WE HAD TO WORK TO ***PUSH*** THIS TRIAL THROUGH SO QUICK?

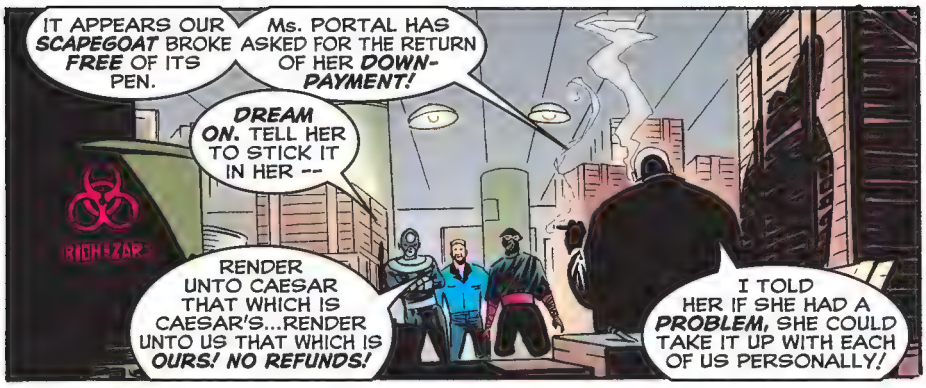
"AND FOR WHAT? YOUR ***RECKLESS*** GRANDSTANDING?

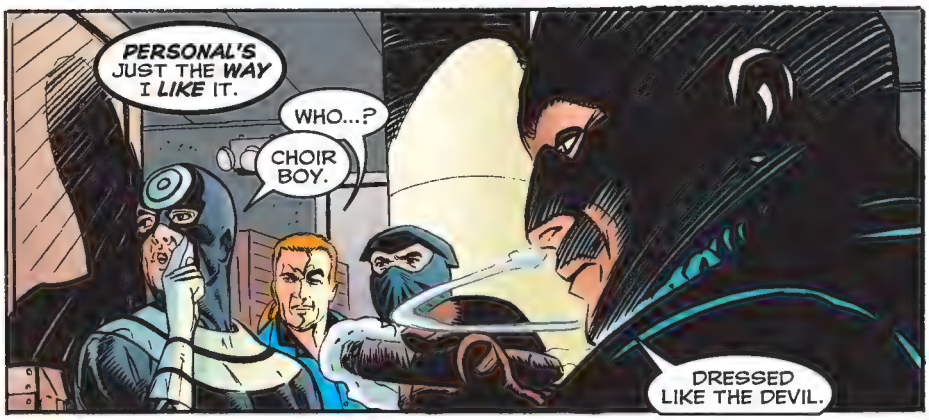
"YOU ***DON'T BELONG*** IN A ***COURT*** OF ***LAW!***"

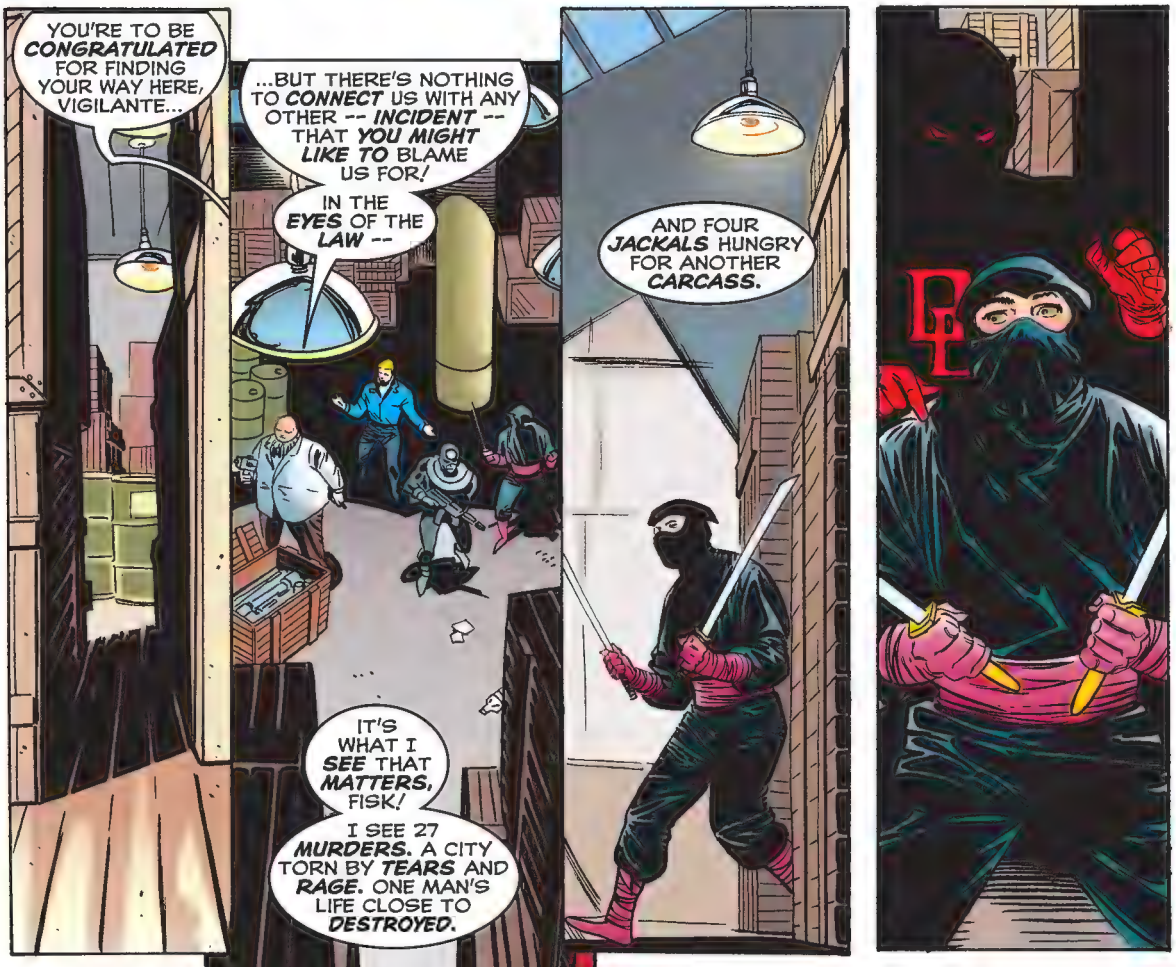
THAT VOICE AGAIN. STERN-WRY-STORMY.

*SAY YOUR PRAYERS. SIGN YOUR WILL. CROSS AT **RISK.***


THE DAILY BUGLE.
NEW YORK NOIR... by Ben Urich
The reason I took up SMOKING was to have something that would CLOUD out the STINK of my publisher's cigars.
DOES ANYONE 'ROUND HERE WORK ANYMORE?!
YOU CALL THIS REPORTING?! WHAT DO I PAY YOU PEOPLE FOR?! ULCERS?! I CAN GET THOSE FROM THAT WEB-HEADED MENACE FOR FREE!
The city's currently dealing with another kind of cloud: FALLOUT from last night's explosion.
It's a blanket of INTRIGUE, hanging low and dark.
Never shy with an opinion, New Yorkers have plenty of ideas on how to NAVIGATE the murk.
Greed, politics, conspiracy, mirth, murder: they're all points on the COMPASS. And they all point to the TRUTH.
Of course, being a New Yorker, I've got my own OPINION about what it might be...
LAST NIGHT, 11:02 P.M.
NEW YORK, NEW YORK. ON THE HUDSON.
THE NAME OF OUR VESSEL ROUGHLY TRANSLATES AS "THE PROPHECY" --
-- AND I PREDICT OUR RESPECTIVE SHARES OF HER CARGO WILL ALL BE PUT TO...
...GOOD USE!


IT APPEARS OUR SCAPEGOAT BROKE FREE OF ITS PEN.
Ms. PORTAL HAS ASKED FOR THE RETURN OF HER DOWN-PAYMENT!
DREAM ON. TELL HER TO STICK IT IN HER --
RENDER UNTO CAESAR THAT WHICH IS CAESAR'S...RENDER UNTO US THAT WHICH IS OURS! NO REFUNDS!
I TOLD HER IF SHE HAD A PROBLEM, SHE COULD TAKE IT UP WITH EACH OF US PERSONALLY!


PERSONAL'S JUST THE WAY I LIKE IT.
WHO...?
CHOIR BOY.
DRESSED LIKE THE DEVIL.


YOU'RE TO BE CONGRATULATED FOR FINDING YOUR WAY HERE, VIGILANTE...
...BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO CONNECT US WITH ANY OTHER -- INCIDENT -- THAT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO BLAME US FOR!
IN THE EYES OF THE LAW --
IT'S WHAT I SEE THAT MATTERS, FISK!
I SEE 27 MURDERS. A CITY TORN BY TEARS AND RAGE. ONE MAN'S LIFE CLOSE TO DESTROYED.
AND FOUR JACKALS HUNGRY FOR ANOTHER CARCASS.

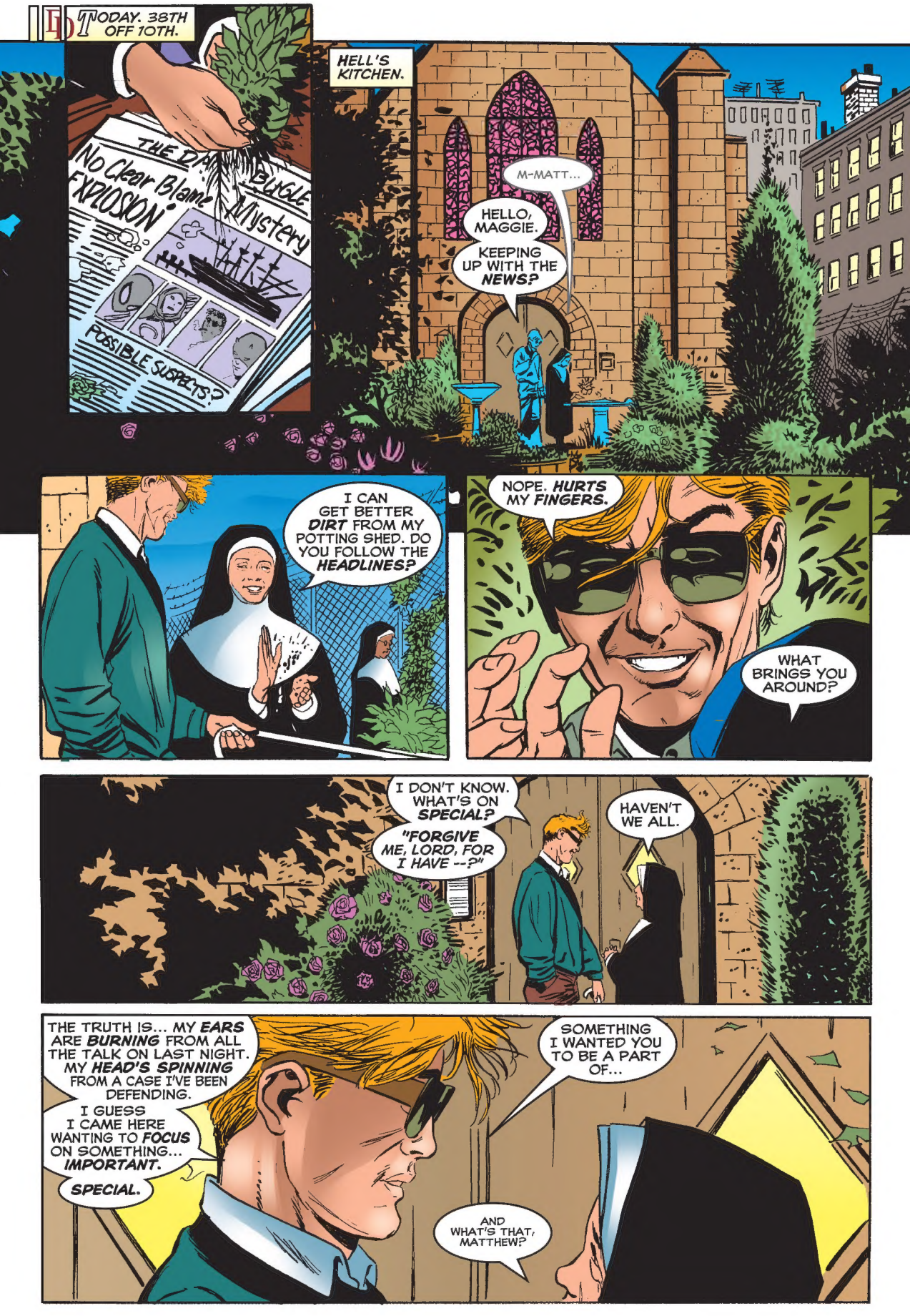
FEEDING TIME'S OVER.
KWRNKNNK
YOU HAND ARE ALL THE SAME -- -- A LITTLE HARSH LANGUAGE AND YOU'RE UP IN SMOKE!
FWROOSH
JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR WHAT I'VE GOT TO SAY TO THE REST OF YOU ANIMALS...
YOU IDIOT!
I'M NO ANIMAL! I'M ONE OF GOD'S CREATURES!
BRAKA
HIT THE DECK, FAT MAN! BUSH-BABY'S LOST IT!
EVERYBODY MAKES MISTAKES.
YOU'RE ONE MAN, DAREDEVIL -- ONE MAN AGAINST UNLIMITED AMMO!
FIRE AT WILL...
...FROM MY POINT OF VIEW, YOU MAY AS WELL BE SHOOTING BLANKS!

NOW WHAT?
ALMOST LOOKS LIKE...
... A FUSE.
THAT PSYCHO-HORNHEAD'S SET THE SHIP TO BLOW!
WE GOT PROBLEMS, FAT MAN!
COULD BE A COUPLE OF KILOTONS WORTH...
WE MUST PRESENT A CONCERTED EFFORT, BULLSEYE, OR --
FWRAAK
KRTAAK
YOU'RE ALL WELL PAST THE "OR" STAGE HERE!

STKRKRAAAASH
FWOOK
I ALLOWED YOU YOUR LEGAL VICTORY, DAREDEVIL --
-- DON'T PRESUME THAT GIVES YOU ANY RIGHTS UNDER THE REAL LAW OF THIS CITY!
DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD WE HAD TO WORK FOR THIS PRIZE?!
AND DO YOU EXPECT I'LL LOSE IT TO YOUR RECKLESS GRAND-STANDING?
IS THIS YOUR WAY OF SAYING YOU'VE MISSED ME?
IT'S BEEN A WHILE, HASN'T IT, WILLIE?
BUT NO SLOW DANCE AROUND PORT AUTHORITY THIS TIME.
AND NO FORGIVENESS.

TWOOM
DANGER EXPLOSIVES
BRAKA BRAKA
I'M STILL HERE, DAREDEVIL!
SAFETIES OFF, BARRELS HOT!
I'M STILL HERE, STILL FIRING STILL--
I'M COUNTING ON IT.
KWCRAAK
GIVE ME A HAND WITH SOMETHING, BUSH-WHACKER.
I FORGOT TO BRING MATCHES...
NOOO
LET GO LET --
BUDDA BUDDA
FWRIIISH

FWRIIZZQSSH
YOU'VE -- YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN, DAREDEVIL!
TWOOM
NOW END THIS GAME! HOW MANY FUSES ARE THERE? HOW DO WE STOP --?!
I'M NO KILLER...
... BUT YOU MURDERED 27 MEN AND WOMEN. YOU TORE THEIR FAMILIES APART.
I'M NO SAINT, EITHER.
BUT MAYBE THERE IS A WAY OUT OF HERE FOR YOU AND THE REST. IF YOU MAKE IT, IT WON'T BE WITH ANY OF YOUR "PRIZE."
AND I GUARANTEE IT WON'T BE EASY.
YOU'LL BLEED -- YOU'LL SCREAM -- YOU'LL BURN.
I COULDN'T BE HAPPIER... UNLESS YOU LIVE. THAT'S EVEN BETTER.
BECAUSE THEN YOU'RE WHERE I CAN KEEP REMINDING YOU OF TONIGHT... AND YOUR MISTAKES.
IT LEAVES YOU WHERE I CAN KEEP THE WOUNDS FRESH.
TWKOOM
WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE, FISK? DIE HERE LIKE A COWARD... OR TAKE THE RISK?
I DARE YOU.
FWRIISSH FWIISSH
FWRIIZZQSSH


TODAY. 38TH OFF 10TH.
THE DAILY BUGLE
No Clear Blame
Mystery
EXPLOSION
POSSIBLE SUSPECTS?
HELL'S KITCHEN.
M-MATT...
HELLO, MAGGIE.
KEEPING UP WITH THE NEWS?
I CAN GET BETTER DIRT FROM MY POTTING SHED. DO YOU FOLLOW THE HEADLINES?
NOPE. HURTS MY FINGERS.
WHAT BRINGS YOU AROUND?
I DON'T KNOW. WHAT'S ON SPECIAL?
"FORGIVE ME, LORD, FOR I HAVE --?"
HAVEN'T WE ALL.
THE TRUTH IS... MY EARS ARE BURNING FROM ALL THE TALK ON LAST NIGHT. MY HEAD'S SPINNING FROM A CASE I'VE BEEN DEFENDING.
I GUESS I CAME HERE WANTING TO FOCUS ON SOMETHING... IMPORTANT.
SPECIAL.
SOMETHING I WANTED YOU TO BE A PART OF...
AND WHAT'S THAT, MATTHEW?

"ICE CREAM!"
I THINK THIS IS YOURS -- ROCKY ROAD! YOU'VE GOT MY HEAVENLY HASH!
HEY... THIS IS PRETTY GOOD!
WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THAT BIBLE TALK ABOUT SHARING?
THEY WEREN'T TALKING ABOUT ICE CREAM! NOW GIMME...
You want to know the TRUTH?
The GOOD GUYS don't always win.
But because of WHO they are, they NEVER STOP FIGHTING.
There's ALWAYS a DAREDEVIL willing to take a RISK on our BEHALF.
And in a CITY that NEVER SLEEPS, we can all REST EASY knowing we have that to protect us.
CHICHESTER & WEEKS '98